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# THE DIAL

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Literary Criticism, Discussion, and Information.

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# THE DIAL

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## IBSEN INTIME.

"Goethe's heart, which few knew, was as great as his intellect, which all know." This was Jung-Stilling's tribute to the personality of the great poet who is often taken as the type of Olympian detachment from the petty preoccupations of ordinary humanity. It is the fate of genius to be misunderstood by the commonalty. The loftier its expression, and the more sweeping its universality, the less does genius concern itself with those accidents of life which are the whole, or nearly the whole, of existence to the commonplace multitude. The average man,

made vaguely uncomfortable by such glimpses of the eternal verities as he gets when he attempts to share the vision of some great spirit, restores the balance of his self-satisfaction by charging the poet with heartlessness, or cynicism, or cold selfishness, or some other disagreeable quality. Among the writers of our own time, Ibsen has been particularly singled out as the target for this sort of criticism, yet we imagine that Jung-Stilling's words about Goethe would closely fit Ibsen's case also, and that it is the critics themselves who are really chargeable with defective sympathies.

Ibsen presented, no doubt, a somewhat grim front to the world of superficial observers, and the comparative solitude of soul in which he worked out his problems upon the ethical chess-board was reflected in the hermit-like habit of his visible existence. But all this was nothing more than the iron restraint demanded by his self-imposed task; he felt himself bound to husband and concentrate his energies; he did not dare to squander any considerable fraction of them upon barren social interests and relationships. He had sufficient strength of will to make this sacrifice, but there is much reason to believe that he felt it keenly, and that volcanic fires were at play beneath the cold crust of his outward seeming. Is not this what we really mean when we speak of any man as "crusty," and is not the word, rightly considered, a term of praise rather than of reproach?

Whoever reads with discernment the plays and poems of Ibsen will have no difficulty in finding passages which reveal the warmest of human sympathies, passages which fairly throb with the feelings of a singularly sensitive nature. Not only the romantic effusions of his early manhood, but the ripest of the series of dramatic social studies yield such fruit as this. And the ineffable tenderness of certain scenes in "Brand" and "Peer Gynt" most emphatically give the lie to the assertion that their author was a "cold hater of his kind," a morose and heartless spectator of the tragi-comedy of life. These scenes make us feel that he had to subject himself to strong compulsion to keep from lapsing into an emotionalism that would have defeated the essential purpose of his work, and

to ignore them is to be wilfully blind to his deepest teachings.

These revelations of the Ibsen *intime* who was conjoined with the dramatic technician are clear enough for all except the most careless observers, and they may readily be corroborated by the sort of personal evidence which has to be our sole reliance in the case of men who produce no works whereby they may be judged. We can recall many instances of pilgrims, often total strangers, who have sought out "the old bard in the solitary house," and returned to tell of the sincerity of their reception and the warmth of their welcome. Their report has been of no ogre, but of a human being, wrapped indeed in simple dignity, but the embodiment of kindly human sympathies and interests.

When we turn to the recently-published letters of the great Norwegian, we shall find no lack of the personal element needed as a corrective of the impression produced by the works alone. Here are some extracts from a letter addressed to his sister:

"Months have passed since I received your kind letter — and only now do I answer it. But so much stands between and separates us, separates me from home. Understand this, please, and do not think that it is indifference which has kept me silent all these long years, and even this summer. I cannot write letters; I must be near in person and give myself wholly and entirely. . . . So our dear old mother is dead. I thank you for having so lovingly fulfilled the duties which were incumbent on us all. You are certainly the best. I do a great deal of wandering about the world. Who knows but that I may come to Norway next summer; then I must see the old home to which I still cling with so many roots. Give father my love; explain to him about me — all that you understand so well, and that he perhaps does not. . . . Do not think that I lack the warmth of heart which is the first requisite where a true and vigorous spiritual life is to thrive."

Side by side with this letter we must place the one of eight years later, written upon receipt of the news of his father's death.

"The occasion of my writing you to-day you will, dear uncle, easily guess. The foreign papers and a letter from Hedvig have informed me of my old father's death; and I feel impelled to express my heartfelt thanks to all those of the family whose affectionate assistance has made life easier for him for so many years, and who have, therefore, done in my behalf or in my stead what until quite lately I have not been in a position to do. . . . It has been a great consolation to me to know that my parents were surrounded by attached relatives; and the thanks that I now offer for all the kind assistance rendered to those who are gone, are also due for the assistance thereby rendered myself. Yes, dear uncle, let me tell you, and ask you in turn to tell the others, that your and their fulfillment, out of affection for my parents, of what was my bounden duty, has been a great support to me during my toils and endeavours, and has furthered the accomplishment of my work in this world."

The real Ibsen is very apparent in the two family letters from which quotation has just been made. And it is apparent in many scattered passages concerning his domestic affairs, passages which reveal the sympathetic aspect of his relations with his wife, and the solicitude with which he superintended the education of his only son. There is also the evidence of a real genius for friendship in the letters to Brandes, Hegel, and a few others — even in the letters to and about Björnson, for Ibsen's break with the latter was an affair of the intellect, which, although it tugged at his heart-strings, did not tear them asunder. It is true that Ibsen did not admit many friends to his intimacy — deeming them a luxury denied him by his sacred mission, — but he grappled the chosen few to his soul with hoops of steel. And if he did not freely give himself to others in life, he assuredly did so in his books, which need only to be read aright to reveal a rich and many-sided personality rather than the coldly intellectual monster of popular legend.

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## COMMUNICATIONS.

### A DISTINGUISHED EDITORIAL CAREER.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Editorial continuity is so rare a virtue in the periodical literature of the time that one might well be pardoned for forgetting that it exists at all. Even the permanence of an individual editor is no guarantee of permanence in editorial policy, for editors themselves are often prone to strike the momentarily popular note. In a period of such capricious change, a long career of editorial work upon lines wisely chosen and consistently maintained constitutes one of the most valuable services which it is in the power of an educated and thoughtful citizen to render to American life and literature.

Length and quality of service both considered, we know no more honorable example of such a career than that of Mr. Wendell Phillips Garrison, who has felt constrained to pass over to younger shoulders the editorial responsibility for "The Nation," which he has borne so admirably from the initial number down to the end of the present volume. Associated with the late Mr. Godkin in all the earlier years of this career, Mr. Garrison applied to the field of literature the same high standards that his colleague insisted upon in the realm of politics. No literary "fad" was ever reflected in the columns of his paper because it was popular, no shabby work was praised or condoned through a desire to propitiate an influential author or publisher. Mr. Garrison's editorial plan had no place in it for the exploitation of any individual, least of all of himself. Year after year "The Nation" has borne to its readers, without the slightest indication of authorship, the work of men so distinguished in the field of scholarship and letters that many periodicals would have blazoned their names across the cover in huge letters as the chief feature of the issue. Of course there are those who believe in signed rather than unsigned reviews, and have good grounds



for their opinion. We do not discuss that question here, but merely call attention to Mr. Garrison's unswerving adherence to his ideal, although he was able to command the collaboration of men whose mere names could readily have been used to the material advantage of his paper. His steady aim was to give to "The Nation" a character and influence of its own, wholly independent of the various and necessarily changing personalities engaged in its production; and in this aim he has achieved a distinguished success. The foundations which he has laid give to his followers a magnificent opportunity. They take over a periodical whose influence with its constituency, a constituency of exceptional cultivation and thoughtfulness, has rarely had its counterpart in the history of the American periodical press. They are men who have observed the methods by which a great literary institution has been built up, and it is safe to assume that they are aware of the hold which that institution possesses upon the respect and affection of its constituency. It is to be assumed that they will take pride in maintaining the high ideals which have had so firm a rooting and so steady a growth under the direction of Mr. Garrison, and with those ideals to mark their general course no one will begrudge them the legitimate exercise of their individual gifts in the conduct of the work to which, thanks to efforts of their predecessor, we may call it their distinguished good fortune to have been chosen. As for Mr. Garrison himself, everyone will hope that the laying down of his editorial burden will leave him still many years of health and comfort, with physical strength sufficient to put into permanent form some record of the impressions which his unique editorial experience of so many years has left upon him.

W. H. JOHNSON.

Granville, Ohio, June 12, 1906.

#### A NEW THEORY OF ENGLISH METRE.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Theories of English versification have been so numerous, so hopelessly contradictory, and so regardless of passages which nullify their validity, that most students either ignore all theories and follow their own whims or else fall back upon dogma and defy exceptions. In twenty years, of many books and essays on the subject only two in English have won anything like unstinted and general praise; and they are not praised because they have set forth satisfying theories. The delight which most students have taken in Professor Mayor's "Chapters on English Metre" is due, I think, rather to his willingness to admit other points of view than to any great success in explaining contradictory passages. Professor Alden's "English Verse," although surprising for the amount of its material and the skill with which it is arranged, is so far from solving the many problems which it states with great care and precision, that it provoked one well-known writer to suggest, in "The Atlantic," his willingness to dispense with theories altogether.

As a matter of history, it can be shown that the varying theories held from generation to generation have modified, sometimes in important respects, the practice of our poets. Happily, however, most of our poets have risen superior to the bonds of imperfect theories, and have left perennially delightful and satisfying poetry. It is hard to believe, therefore, that there is not some law of verse which is really fundamental, and which has thus far escaped clear statement and general acceptance

only because, under its Protean applications, we have failed to recognize its simplicity.

In 1903, Mr. T. S. Omond issued "A Study of Metre" (London: Grant Richards), a thoughtful and acute essay, which seems thus far to have attracted relatively little attention. Within a few months, Mr. Omond has again entered the field with a pamphlet entitled "Metrical Rhythm" (Tunbridge Wells: R. Pelton, 1905), in which he applies his theory to the examination of another pamphlet, "The Basis of English Rhythm," by William Thomson (Glasgow: W. & R. Holmes, 1904). Mr. Thomson's essay is at least difficult to understand, and unsatisfactory, even after patient study. Mr. Omond's theory, however, seems to me so reasonable and so adequate as to deserve open-minded consideration.

Mr. Omond's theory is, briefly, that we confuse syllables, which only mark the time, with the time itself. The time of the different feet in a line is relatively the same, but this time may be more or less fully taken up by the syllables. In Mr. Omond's own words:

"If periods constitute rhythm, they must do so by uniform succession. Syllables do not supply this absolute recurrence; their order of succession is changeful, capricious. They need to be contrasted with underlying uniformity. That substratum seems afforded by time. *Isochronous periods* form the units of metre. Syllabic variation gets its whole force from contrast with these, is conceivable only in relation to these." (Study of Metre, 4.)

"Syllables exist before verse handles them, and are not wholly amenable to its handling. They cannot be coaxed to keep exact time, and of course cannot be chopped or carved into fragments. From this very inability, poets in their unconscious inspiration draw beauty. They delight us by maintaining a continual slight conflict between syllables and time. It must not go too far, or the sense of rhythm perishes, and the line becomes heavy, inert, prosy. But within limits the contest is unceasing." (Metrical Rhythm, 21.)

"Accentual scansionists nearly always minimize the difference between verse and prose. For, taking English syllables by themselves, there is really no difference. The difference—a real and true one—lies in the setting. Verse sets syllables to equal time-measures, prose to unequal. When either poaches on the other's preserve, we are apt to resent it. One heroic line in prose may escape notice, but hardly a second. That the difference does not lie in the syllables themselves appears from the fact that the same sentence may sometimes be read as prose and sometimes as verse. When we first read 'And the doors shall be shut on the streets when the sound of the grinding is low,' we probably hear it as prose, but once let it be compared with—

'I am out of humanity's reach,

'I must finish my journey alone,'

and it will be difficult ever after not to receive an impression of verse." (Ib., 24.)

"Just as the difference between prose and verse is one of setting, so is the difference between duple and triple metre. It depends on how we hear the time-beats. Mr. Thomson says (foot of p. 36), 'Had Mr. Lanier or Mr. Omond met "Who would believe" or "Seemed to have known" in Browning's "Kentsish Sir Byng stood for his king," they would have had no doubt at all of its triple character.' I should have had no doubt that the words were then set to triple rhythm, because to my mind that is clearly the time of Browning's poem; but when I meet these phrases in heroic or octosyllabic verse, I read them to a different time. In themselves the syllables are not metrical, but they can be set to either rhythm. The poem gives rhythm to the syllables, not the syllables to the poem. 'For poets do not adjust time to syllables, but syllables to time.'" (Ib., 25.)

Almost ever since Mr. Omond's Study appeared, I have been testing his theory upon the numerous puzzling lines with which our good poetry is sown thick. Thus far it seems to me fairly to meet all difficulties, and to harmonize apparently conflicting notions in a way that is illuminating and satisfying. I wish very much that others would test Mr. Omond's ideas; if he is right, we shall have a more solid basis to build on; if he is wrong or only partly right, honest criticism will certainly be instructive.

EDWARD P. MORTON.

Indiana University, June 5, 1906.

### The New Books.

#### A ROLLYING IRISH STORY-TELLER.\*

Mr. Saintsbury has well said that "personally, Lever was doubtless a charming companion, and for mere companionship his books are charming enough still. Only they must not be regarded as books, but simply as reports of the conversation of a lively raconteur."

True as it is that excessive bookishness is the bane of creative authorship, it is equally beyond question that a little more of this quality in Lever would have improved the exuberant output of his rollicking fancy by reducing its chaotic extravagance to better form. Thus a good life of our effervescent Irishman might well furnish more delight to confirmed book-readers than do his wonderful attempts at novel-writing. The biography by Dr. W. J. Fitzpatrick, published twenty-seven years ago, was felt by the family to be far from faultless. Chronologically inaccurate it certainly is, and the complaint has been raised against it that somehow it tends to leave the reader depressed rather than elevated, which no true picture of the jovial Lever would be expected to do. Mr. Edmund Downey, in his recently issued work, "Charles Lever: His Life in his Letters," seeks to correct the earlier biographer's errors, and by confining himself mainly to the novelist's own revelations of himself in his letters, in his early "Log-Book of a Rambler," and in the autobiographical prefaces to eight of his novels — prefaces that he wrote in the last year of his life, and therefore unfortunately left incomplete — Mr. Downey has produced what seems to be a trustworthy account of the man, so far as it goes; and the average reader will probably think, on viewing the two 400-page volumes, that it goes quite far enough. Yet not even its careful workmanship gives it the flavor of an ideal biography. But ideal biographies are as rare as violets in October, and perhaps the subject in this instance does not admit of an ideal book. One attraction, however, it does have for intending buyers: its price is less purgative to the purse than that of many current English two-volume works of like character.

With a disinterested desire to secure the best possible life of his hero, Mr. Downey had asked Lever's eldest daughter, Mrs. Nevill, to attempt the task. This was ten years ago; but the lady's

sudden death thwarted that plan, and now Mr. Downey himself, making use of many letters placed at his disposal, essays the portrayal of Charles Lever, the author, seeking, as he says, to present him "in a more intimate and pleasing light than the picture which is furnished by Dr. Fitzpatrick." The preface proceeds in further explanation:

"Incidentally many errors into which Dr. Fitzpatrick had fallen are corrected, but I am not making any attempt to supersede his painstaking, voluminous, and interesting biography. Dr. Fitzpatrick declares that his book 'largely embraces the earlier period of Lever's life'; the present work deals mainly with his literary life, and contains, especially in the second volume, fresh and illuminating material which was not disclosed to Lever's previous biographer, and which affords an intimate view of the novelist as he saw himself and his work."

The letters of Lever are in much the same scrambling style as his books, and from them nothing like a complete life of him could be produced. Accordingly we are glad to find in the first volume no fewer than 119 pages of Mr. Downey's filling-in, as well as 35 pages from "The Log-Book of a Rambler," an account of early European wanderings and German-student life that originally appeared, in large part, in "The Dublin Literary Gazette" at intervals during the year 1830. Mr. Downey's second volume has far less matter from his own pen. In truth, it is safe to say that most readers would gladly have more of the modest biographer and less of the not so modest hero of his narrative. Comment and criticism, even where we disagree, make pleasant reading, and help to relieve the monotony. And monotonous Lever's letters, in spite of their Leveragesque qualities, do tend to become when offered in so generous instalments as Mr. Downey has seen fit to publish.

As an outline of Lever's life, it may be convenient to recall that he was born in Dublin Aug. 31, 1806, as nearly as can now be determined; for even this initial date the reckless Irishman, unregardful of future biographers, left in much uncertainty. He even allowed "Men of the Time" to state that he was born in 1809 — perhaps because of the much good company he found in that year. He received a medical education, and practised successfully at home and abroad, especially at Brussels, where he somewhat unwarrantably styled himself Physician to the British Embassy. For a few years he edited "The Dublin University Magazine," an uncongenial task, but from 1845 he dwelt almost uninterruptedly abroad, chiefly at Florence, Spezia, and Trieste — in a consular capacity at the last two places. His story-writing

\* CHARLES LEVER: His Life in his Letters. By Edmund Downey. In two volumes. With portraits. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

went on meanwhile up to the time of his death in 1872, at Trieste. To the wife of his youth, it is pleasant to learn, this arch-Bohemian was affectionately devoted throughout her life, which closed two years before his own. To her memory he was no less loyally true. So attached had he become to this lady in his courting days that he privately wedded her, against the wishes of his parents, who desired for their brilliant son a good match in a pecuniary sense; whereas Miss Kate Baker, of County Meath, had little but her personal charms and her virtues to recommend her.

The "Log-Book," which forms Mr. Downey's second chapter, is most agreeable reading, the more so perhaps because it is so hard to tell whether fact is not often tinged with fiction. Two student duels at Göttingen, one of them a grave affair with pistols, prove especially inspiring to young Lever's graphic and lively pen. The letters, which claim the biographer's space in an increasing degree as we read on, are full of the writer's hopes of worldly advancement. In fact, not a few of them treat very largely of pounds, shillings, and pence, or their continental equivalents. Here are portions of two typical letters from Brussels, written soon after Lever had established himself in practice there. Dots and brackets are retained as in the printed copy.

"Although Brussels fulfils all my expectations, I might be ultimately tempted to try my luck in London or Paris [as a medical man]. . . . Attending to an outbreak of measles has prevented me from sending my usual contribution to the Mag. . . . I have definitely raised my fees from 5 francs to 10 francs — double that of any other English physician, and five times the fee of the Belgian practitioner. . . . The sister of the Ambassador has recovered under my hands from what was universally believed to be a fatal case of spasmodic croup. . . . There is nothing but gaiety and going out here every night, and I am half wishing for summer to have a little rest and quietness."

"I am carrying ahead with a very strong hand, and have little dances weekly. I had three earls and two ambassadors on Tuesday, and am keeping that set exclusively in my interest."

This "carrying ahead with a very strong hand" was Lever's weakness through life. Though he earned large sums from his writings, and enjoyed also a good income as a physician, and later as consul, he could not resist the charms of horseflesh and of the green table. His life, in short, was as chaotic and ill-regulated as that of Harry Lorrequer or Charles O'Malley. He seems to have been more eager for and dependent upon adulation than even his contemporary Dickens, and to have had considerably less of solid and enduring resources in himself

than had the brilliant-necktied English novelist. But let us quote a most favorable description of him from the pen of Miss Mary Boyle, a bright woman, a clever writer, and a friend of Tennyson, Dickens, the Brownings, and other contemporary *litterati*. In a letter of 1879 she recalls Lever as "one of the most genial spirits" she had ever met.

"His conversation was like summer lightning — brilliant, sparkling, harmless. In his wildest sallies I never heard him give utterance to an unkind thought. He essentially resembled his works, and whichever you preferred, that one was most like Charles Lever. He was the complete type and model of an Irishman — warm-hearted, witty, rollicking, never unrefined, imprudent, often blind to his own interests — adored by his friends, and the playfellow of his children and the gigantic boar-hound he had brought from the Tyrol."

That Lever did not care to fraternize with the Brownings, his fellow-Florentines, one can easily account for; but let us hear our author's explanation.

"The only plausible explanation of Lever's neglect of the Brownings is that he did not feel quite at ease in the presence of the author of 'Aurora Leigh.' When he sought mental relaxation, after a hard day's work, he sought it in the society of those who were content to listen to his agreeable rattle rather than in the society of those to whom he should lend his ears. He was by no means insensible to feminine charms, mental or physical. He gloried in praise coming from the mouths of intellectual women. But the woman of genius was not the comrade he coveted in his hours of ease: the companionship of men — of good talkers or good listeners — was what he craved."

Dr. Fitzpatrick, as the reader is reminded by a footnote, makes the surprising assertion that Lever was intimately associated with the Brownings in Florence, and "found real charm in the companionship" — which a letter of Mrs. Browning's to Miss Mitford, quoted by Mr. Downey, abundantly disproves. Lever's never-satisfied longing for inward peace finds utterance in the following extract from one of his letters to John Blackwood, of which the second volume contains rather more than a sufficiency. Writing from Trieste in 1868, the novelist thus despondently unbosoms himself to his friendly publisher:

"It is a great aggravation to dying to feel that I must be buried here. I never hated a place or people so much, and it is a hard measure to lay me down amongst them where I have no chance of getting away till that grand new deal of the pack before distributing the stakes. I wish I could write one more O'D. — 'the last O'Dowd.' I have a number of little valueless legacies to leave the world, and could put them into codicil form and direct their destination. . . . The cheque came all right, but I was not able to thank you at the time. Give my love to Mrs. Blackwood, and say that it was always fleeting across me, in moments of relief, I was to meet you both again and be very jolly



and light-hearted. Who knows! I have moments still that seem to promise a rally; but there must be a long spell of absence from pain and anxiety — not so easy things to accomplish."

It is a relief to learn, from other sources, that when death did come to this good-natured but sadly improvident fellow-countryman of Goldsmith, his family was left in better circumstances than might have been expected. And the last scene itself of this unquiet life was beautifully peaceful, as depicted by Mrs. Porter (an eyewitness) in "The House of Blackwood," from which Mr. Downey has, in closing, reproduced a few paragraphs.

Two portraits of Lever, young and old, decorate the volumes, and they are as unlike as were ever two pictures of one who in youth was unmistakably father of the mature man. Mr. Downey's index — if a critic may be allowed the privilege of a parting grumble — leaves much to be desired. One looks in vain for references to Dublin, Brussels, Florence, Spezzia, Trieste, and other milestones in Lever's life-journey; and as there is no entry for "Charles Lever," the main events of his very eventful life must be gathered from a diligent thumbing of the preceding eight hundred pages. Such names as the index does contain are followed merely by indication of volume and page, or by a succession of such indications, with no kindly clue to the more exact nature of the information referred to. But what further could one expect from merely a quinquepaginal quintessence of all the rich variety of matter gathered together by Mr. Downey's industry? Fortunately, the average reader — that is, the sensible reader, who reads for entertainment and, if it so may chance, for edification — is always chiefly interested in what precedes the index; and in the present instance he will not search in vain for readable matter concerning this early and mid-Victorian author, whose popularity still continues.

PERCY F. BICKNELL.

#### NEW THEORIES OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY.\*

"The Critical Reviewers," says Dr. Johnson, "often review without reading the books through, but lay hold of a topic and write chiefly from their own minds. The monthly reviewers are duller men and are glad to read the books through." Without attempting to pose as of the brighter order, one must be content in this case

\* GEOLOGY. By Thomas C. Chamberlin and Rollin D. Salisbury. Volumes II. and III., *Earth History*. Illustrated. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

to follow the method of the critical reviewers. Even after reading through the 1200 pages of the two volumes before us, it is impossible to attempt any systematic review of the work. It will require the services of many geologists, working through a decade or more, properly to estimate and test the many startling hypotheses which the authors have presented. It is their own attempt to read the history of the earth in the light of principles developed in their earlier volume, which appeared in 1904 and is now in a second edition. In that volume was given a statement of the planetismal hypothesis of earth origin. In these new volumes the hypothesis is developed and applied, and its application requires a new reading of dynamical geology, with a consequent new interpretation of geologic history. An excellent example of the difference appears in the interpretation of the Cambrian, where the great transgression of the sea is referred to superficial rather than profound deformation, and is considered to mark a period of long quiescence rather than one of earth movement. Another notable feature of the work is the attention paid to past climates and the use made of them in interpretation. The explanation of glacial periods in the Permian as well as in the Pleistocene as the indirect result of deformation acting through changes in the constitution of the atmosphere, may be cited. The argument in bald outline is as follows: Deformation exposes areas of unaltered rocks and stimulates erosion. This leads to the carbonation of the rocks and so to a reduction in the amount of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere. The latter, thus thinned, is unable to retain the heat radiated from the earth, and a period of low temperature results. The many fascinating incidental problems connected with such a hypothesis are attacked in detail, and plausible suggestions as to their solution are made.

From still another point of view the books are notable. In 1891, when the Congrès Géologique International was to meet at Washington, Major J. W. Powell, then Director of the Geological Survey, arranged for a series of correlation essays in which should be discussed separately the Carboniferous, Cretaceous, Eocene, and other rock systems of the United States. These essays were designed to reflect the existing state of knowledge regarding each system, and also to throw light upon the proper methods of correlation. The plan grew, and the reports were not finished until after the Congress adjourned; the last essay, that on the Archean and Algonkian by Van Hise, having



appeared in 1892. The series as a whole was notable in the emphasis laid upon paleontology as the best means of correlation. The Chamberlin-Salisbury text-book is the first large and systematic attempt to correlate the stratigraphy of this country that has been made since the period of these essays. It is interesting to observe that the authors have taken physical changes as their key in making correlations. Their reasons for doing so are stated as follows:

"We believe that there is a natural basis of time-division, that it is recorded dynamically in the profounder changes of the earth's history, and that its basis is world-wide in its applicability. It is expressed in interruptions of the course of the earth's history. It can hardly take account of all local details, and cannot be applied with minuteness to all localities, since geological history is necessarily continuous. But even a continuous history has its times and seasons, and the pulsations of history are the natural basis for its divisions.

"In our view, the fundamental basis for geologic time divisions has its seat in the heart of the earth. Whenever the accumulated stresses within the body of the earth over-match its effective rigidity, a readjustment takes place. The deformative movements begin, for reasons previously set forth, with a depression of the bottoms of the oceanic basins, by which their capacity is increased. The epicontinental waters are correspondingly withdrawn into them. The effect of this is practically universal, and all continents are affected in a similar way and simultaneously. This is the reason why the classification of one continent is also applicable, in its larger features, to another, though the configuration of each individual modifies the result of the change, so far as that continent is concerned. The far-reaching effects of such a withdrawal of the sea have been indicated repeatedly in the preceding pages. Foremost among these effects is the profound influence exerted on the evolution of the shallow-water marine life, the most constant and reliable of the means of intercontinental correlation. Second only to this in importance is the influence on terrestrial life through the connections and disconnections that control migration. Springing from the same deformative movements are geographic and topographic changes, affecting not only the land but also the sea currents. These changes affect the climate directly, and by accelerating or retarding the chemical reactions between the atmosphere, hydrosphere, and lithosphere, affect the constitution of both sea and air, and thus indirectly influence the environment of life, and through it, its evolution. In these deformative movements, therefore, there seems to us to be a universal, simultaneous, and fundamental basis for the subdivision of the earth's history. It is all the more effective and applicable, because it controls the progress of life, which furnishes the most available criteria for its application in detail to the varied rock formations in all quarters of the globe."

The use of these criteria gives widespread unconformities large importance, and accordingly certain changes in nomenclature are made. The old Lower Silurian is reorganized as truly independent, as many have contended, and is called Ordovician. It is suggested that possibly a

portion of the Cambrian belongs with it. The Mississippi, Pennsylvania, and Permian are given systematic rather than serial rank, so that the old Carboniferous disappears, unless it is retained as synonym for Pennsylvanian—the period of the coal measures. The Lower Cretaceous is set off by itself and called the Comanchean, and in the Tertiary only the Eocene, Miocene, and Pliocene are recognized. Whether this nomenclature will prove to be final or will be followed by others remains to be seen.

The treatment of the Pleistocene and the human or present periods is unusually full and satisfactory. The authors find no sufficient evidence as yet for accepting the presence of man in America during the glacial period, though placing the European determinations on a different basis. The book closes with a very interesting and suggestive discussion of man as a geologic agent, and as influenced by his geologic environment.

While the work is called a text-book, its bulk will probably preclude its wide use in schools. On the other hand, it is not sufficiently complete to be an entirely satisfactory book of reference. European and foreign geology in general is much less fully discussed than in the older manuals. For the general reader the book has a charm and freshness not common to scientific texts, but it contains so much new and not yet accepted doctrine that such a reader will need to take careful note of the qualifying phrases. It is to working geologists that the book will make the strongest appeal; with some maturity of judgment and with some store of facts to draw on, they will find in it a great stimulus and a surprising number of fruitful suggestions and hypotheses.

H. FOSTER BAIN.

#### LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.\*

Lord Randolph Churchill was for a period of six years a striking figure in English political life; and if the estimate of his son be accepted, he was a much mis-judged and ill-used statesman. While his ability and force were universally recognized, his consistency and statesmanship have been as universally denied; and these latter qualities it has been the purpose of Mr. Winston Churchill, himself a notable figure in the political world, to claim and prove for his father. In this the author has largely succeeded, if one can concede that close relationship is consistent

\* LIFE OF LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL. By his son, Winston Spencer Churchill, M.P. In two volumes. Illustrated. New York: The Macmillan Co.

with critical and judicial fairness in analyzing character and motives. Certain it is that the work is remarkable for its seeming freedom from personal bias, for its frankness, for its remoteness even, as well as for its attractive style, and in truth for all those qualities that stamp the really great biography.

Lord Randolph Churchill entered Parliament with disinclination, or at least with apathy, yielding to the insistence of his family that he represent a constituency wholly at their disposal. He was a Tory by traditional instinct, but his emergence from obscurity came through indirect opposition to what he considered the inefficient leadership of his party in the House of Commons. Together with three other dissatisfied Tories, Arthur Balfour, Sir Henry Wolff, and Mr. Gorst, he assumed an attitude of independence of party control based originally not so much upon dislike of party principles as upon the weakness of the Tory opposition to Mr. Gladstone's government. These four men formed a close alliance that soon came to be known as the "Fourth Party," so called at first in derision, but later recognized as a distinct power. The alliance, as the author frankly admits, was formed, in part, to further the political interests of the men who composed it, and membership in it required first of all that the men should defend each other. In fact, the conservative and acquiescent opposition to Gladstone practised by Sir Stafford Northcote was irksome to the members of the "Fourth Party" who believed in fighting, and who had instincts and abilities for rough political warfare. Thus, nominally breaking loose from party control, they became very rapidly unauthorized leaders of the fighting element of the Tory party, and were thorns in the flesh of Gladstone and Northcote alike.

Churchill's ability in political opposition has never been denied, nor his shrewdness in finding the weak spot in his opponent's armor. He had also an unusual gift for hard-hitting speeches, and for a sarcasm that delighted his audiences, whether in Parliament or country, as audiences are always delighted with clever personal attacks. Moreover, his style of oratory, while it would have attracted less attention from an Irish Nationalist or from a Radical, aroused interest and amused, simply because it came from the mouth of a Tory who by birth and breeding might have been expected to follow the customary dignified type of Tory eloquence. In 1884, in a speech at Blackpool, he referred to Gladstone in a way that at first astounded, then delighted his Tory audience.

"'Vanity of vanities,' says the preacher, 'all is vanity.' 'Humbug of humbugs,' says the radical, 'all is humbug.' Gentlemen, we live in an age of advertisement, the age of Holloway's pills, of Colman's mustard, and of Horniman's pure tea; and the policy of lavish advertisement has been so successful in commerce that the Liberal party, with its usual enterprise, has adapted it to politics. The Prime Minister is the greatest living master of the art of personal political advertisement. . . . For the purposes of recreation he has selected the felling of trees; and we may usefully remark that his amusements, like his politics, are essentially destructive. Every afternoon the whole world is invited to assist at the crashing fall of some beech or elm or oak. The forest laments, in order that Mr. Gladstone may perspire, and full accounts of these proceedings are forwarded by special correspondents to every daily paper every recurring morning."

Later, describing Mr. Gladstone's method of receiving a deputation at Hawarden Castle, he said:

"It has always appeared to me somewhat incongruous and inappropriate that the great chief of the Radical party should live in a castle. But to proceed. One would have thought that the deputation would have been received in the house, in the study, in the drawing-room, or even in the dining-room. Not at all. That would have been out of harmony with the advertisement 'boom.' Another scene had been arranged. The workmen were guided through the ornamental grounds, into the wide-spreading park, strewn with the wreckage and ruins of the Prime Minister's sport. All around them, we may suppose, lay the rotting trunks of once umbrageous trees; all around them, tossed by the winds, were boughs and bark and withered shoots. They came suddenly on the Prime Minister and Master Herbert, in scanty attire and profuse perspiration, engaged in the destruction of a gigantic oak, just giving its last dying groan. They are permitted to gaze and to worship and adore, and, having conducted themselves with exemplary propriety, are each presented with a few chips as a memorial of that memorable scene."

In the House of Commons also he was equally effective, though more parliamentary, in sarcasm; while, on the other hand, his straightforward clearly-expressed arguments often gave the Tories those party catch-words and rallying cries of which the most famous is undoubtedly that drawn forth by the Home Rule bill of 1886, when he prophesied rebellion in Protestant Ulster with the words, "Ulster will fight; and Ulster will be right."

Churchill and his three associates soon assumed an importance wholly out of proportion to their numbers. As their power increased their irritation at Northcote's feeble leadership became more pronounced. Disraeli alone of the older Tories understood and liked them, but he had practically withdrawn from political life. Yet he intervened to save them to the Tories, telling Wolff:

"I fully appreciate your feelings and those of your friends; but you must stick to Northcote. He represents the respectability of the party. I wholly sym-

thise with you all, because I never was respectable myself. In my time the respectability of the party was represented by . . . a horrid man; but I had to do as well as I could; you must do the same."

But when Disraeli died, in 1881, the only chance, according to Mr. Winston Churchill, of a permanent and effective alliance between the old and new element in the Tory party was lost. The author says of Disraeli:

"He was an old man lifted high above his contemporaries, and he liked to look past them to the new generation and to feel that he could gain the sympathy and confidence of younger men. If he liked youth, he liked Tory Democracy even more. He had, moreover, good reason to know how a Parliamentary Opposition should be conducted. He saw with perfect clearness the incapacity above the gangway, and the enterprise and pluck below it. Had his life been prolonged a few more years the Fourth Party might have marched, as his Young Guard, by a smoother road, and this story might have reached a less melancholy conclusion. He was removed from the petty vexations of the House of Commons. Surely he would not have allowed these clever ardent men to drift into antagonism against the mass of the Conservative party and into fierce feud with its leaders. He alone could have kept their loyalty, as he alone commanded their respect; and never would he have countenanced the solemn excommunication by dullness and prejudice of all that preserved the sparkling life of Toryism in times of depression and defeat. But Lord Beaconsfield was gone; and those whom he left behind him had other views of how his inheritance — such as it was — should be divided."

Yet the break did not come until years later, and then was in reality a break that involved Churchill alone; for the other members of the Fourth Party, and in particular Balfour, had fallen into more "regular" lines of political conduct.

It was, in fact, by remaining independent that Churchill became, earlier than any of his former associates, a power in his party. He had shown courage, fighting qualities of the highest order, and originality, and now as a campaign drew near he developed unexpected strength in political manipulation. He, more than any other, organized the party machinery that was to overthrow the Gladstone administration in 1885, and forced upon his party new ideas of Tory Democracy and of service to the people of England. It was a strange and unwelcome platform for his party, but its effectiveness was recognized and it was perforce accepted. But the agility shown by Churchill in previous political opposition made even the members of his own party doubt the sincerity of his constructive principles; and when in 1886, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, he insisted that platform principles should be carried into effect, he was regarded as merely fighting for personal prestige in the Cabinet and was suddenly thrown over-

board by the Salisbury government. His brief term of office had shown brilliant qualities as leader of the House of Commons. His biographer says of the position Churchill had won:

"It is a pity not to end the story here. Lord Randolph Churchill seems at this time to have been separated only by a single step from a career of dazzling prosperity and fame. With a swiftness which in modern Parliamentary history had been excelled only by the younger Pitt, he had risen by no man's leave or monarch's favor from the station of a private gentleman to almost the first position under the Crown. . . . Who could have guessed that ruin, utter and irretrievable, was marching swiftly upon this triumphant figure; that the great party who had followed his lead so blithely would in a few brief months turn upon him in abiding displeasure; and that the Parliament which had assembled to find him so powerful and to accept his guidance would watch him creep away in sadness and alone?"

The entire controversy in regard to the character of Lord Randolph Churchill really centres about this resignation, — a resignation that came nominally on a controversy with the War Office caused by Churchill's demand for a reduction of expenses. But the author thinks that the break was inevitable, — that it was a controversy between a young, enthusiastic Tory Democrat and an old-fashioned Conservative statesman — Salisbury. "They represented," he says, "conflicting schools of political philosophy. They stood for ideas mutually incompatible. Sooner or later the breach must have come; and no doubt the strong realization of this underlay the action of the one and the acquiescence of the other." Lord Randolph Churchill "looked upon the action as the most exalted of his life, and as an event of which, whatever the results to himself, he might be justly proud. . . . Among all these indications of the healthy and generous conditions of English public life, so full of honour to our race and of vindication for its institutions, the resignation of Lord Randolph Churchill need not suffer by any important comparison." Yet "a more patient man would have waited."

On the other hand, the general conception of the situation, both then and later, was that the controversy really centred about a struggle for power within the Cabinet; that Churchill, unduly exalted by his rapid rise, overestimated his importance, and was cast aside as a disturbing element; that he was even ambitious of ultimately displacing Salisbury and himself becoming the leader of the Tory party, and that there was little but personal ambition in his action. From such a condemnatory estimate his son rescues him, and with conviction to the reader. But that Churchill was so wholly devoted to



principle, so little moved by personal ambition, as the author would have us believe, is difficult of realization. Churchill had risen by his fighting qualities, but he ceased to fight; he disappointed the very element in his party that he had created and that had made his principles seem possible of realization. If he resigned on principle he should have fought for principle, but he seems rather to have meekly acquiesced in his humiliation, and to have sought by subserviency to regain a place in the councils of his party. This is not the author's estimate, but his analysis does not successfully overthrow all elements of the older opinion. Churchill expected to regain quickly his former importance, but he had been too original, too impetuous, too dangerous for the Tory leaders, and while welcomed as an ally in times of political danger he was never again in close touch with his party. His bitterness and discontent at the sudden close of a brilliant career were extreme and could not be veiled in so violent a nature. By 1891 he had practically given up hope of regaining place, as the lines from Dryden copied out in his own hand give evidence:

"Happy the man, and happy he alone,  
He who can call to-day his own —  
He who, secure within, can say:  
'To-morrow do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.  
Come fair or foul, or rain, or shine,  
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.  
Not Heaven itself over the past hath power;  
But what has been has been, and I have had my hour.'"

It would be unjust to Mr. Winston Churchill to conclude this review without noting that his work is not only a masterly biography, a book in a thousand, but is also an intimate critical history of Tory politics and factions from 1880 to 1886. It has, then, both biographical importance and historical value, for it gives us a clearer insight into the workings of Tory machinery than any other volume. Also, it indirectly presents new and striking characterizations of the men with whom Churchill was in contact, — Salisbury, Gladstone, Balfour, Chamberlain, and a score of others, many of them important in present-day English politics. And from the many apt quotations used by the author in his chapter-headings, that taken from Carlyle on Mirabeau seems best to describe Lord Randolph Churchill's personality:

"This is no man of system, then; he is only a man of instincts and insights. A man, nevertheless, who will glare fiercely on any object, and see through it, and conquer it; for he has intellect, he has will, force beyond other men. A man not with *logic-spectacles*; but with an *eye*!"

E. D. ADAMS.

#### LIFE-SAVING AS A MILITARY SCIENCE.\*

Surgeon-Major Seaman is a person very disagreeable in the eyes of gentlemen who ought to wear red tape, instead of stars, on their shoulder-straps. He actually preaches the doctrine that the saver of health and life and the preventer of disease and death should have not only equal honor but even equal power with the fighter and the killer. Of course, the bronze effigies in Washington and the graveyard-statutory in our average county town and village are against such a notion. Probably for a long time Dr. Seaman will be a voice crying in the wilderness. The tenacity of naval and military orthodoxy is something which, in its toughness and resisting power, is quite equal to anything in the theological department of human affairs. Yet, as old texts are re-read in spite of Pope or Synod, so doubtless in time we shall read aright his prophecy which shall have become narrative. Let us hope that before the end of the twentieth century our children will read, and see the fulfilment our author demands. A familiar passage might be thus transposed:

"A voice crying: —

In the wilderness, prepare a highway for our God."

Certainly, as compared with Japanese reality, the medical part of our army organization is a desert. God's highway for humanity is with the Japanese rather than with us.

Dr. Seaman's work of reform is a difficult one, for time will be needed to convert the gentlemen in America fresh from the bogs of Ireland or the heaths of Germany, or even the olive-tinted sons of the land of Raphael, as well as the authorities at headquarters, from the dogma that the Japanese are heathen and uncivilized. Yet this book is as a hammer-blow against American stupidity, and against that parochial narrow-mindedness which, persisting in a great nation like ours, is the wonder of students of that East from which the fundamentals of our civilization have been gained — that East from which light always arises.

Briefly speaking, this book, written by a man who has had experience in our own army in the war with Spain, in the West Indies, the Philippines, China, and Manchuria, puts on record Japan's real triumph in the conquest of "the silent foe." He does this in a brilliant, rapid, and readable way, with convincing arguments and figures, and in the English lan-

\* THE REAL TRIUMPH OF JAPAN. By Louis L. Seaman. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



guage. The Japanese have reversed the record of the ages. Centuries of the records of human slaughter show that four men die of disease in camp or field to one death at the hands of the enemy. But in the Japanese war with Russia there were four deaths from bullets to one from disease. Of a total mortality, from all causes, of 64,938, there were 40,954 more from "casualties" than from disease. Dr. Seaman gives his figures and comparisons, and tells most interestingly of his visits to hospitals, his experiences on the march, on shipboard, the railways, and on the field. He also shows how, after Port Arthur had been won by astounding heroism and scientific gunnery, the Japanese gave the place such a cleaning-up that "the demon of Pestilence was foiled, after the fiend of War had been annihilated." Then, — lest we forget, and Congress go to sleep, — he gives us a chapter with the familiar title from Kipling, and recalls disagreeable memories. He proves that our government ration itself creates disease, while our organized incompetence coöperates with the silent foe in killing eighty per cent of our soldiers.

Briefly put, the burden of this prophet is that "the [American] medical officer can make a recommendation, but never issue an order. . . . Therein lies the secret of the failure of the [American] medical department." The deaths in the Spanish-American war from preventable diseases were fourteen times as great as those from "casualties" received in the conflict. Dr. Seaman's effort is to prevent disease rather than cure it, and with a thousand proofs and convincing arguments he calls the attention of the world to the fact that the Japanese have at last put the horse before the cart.

Of course, when the shoemaker leaves his last or the prophet his message, his judgments are not so convincing. When the doctor tells in Chapter XI. "the history of medical science in Japan," one is not to take his text too seriously. The Japanese have certainly taken him in when they tell him, or anybody else, about what happened before the sixth century — the "records" of which were made almost entirely a thousand years after the time alleged. The Japanese will never succeed in silencing the almost universal suspicion concerning their integrity or good faith, until they tell the truth officially about their early history, and treat with respect even modern facts which rub their conceit hard. Japanese history before the fourth century can be constructed only out of mythology, fossils, and tribal legends. Only when the truth-loving critic in Japan is as welcome as the flatterer, will the

clouds hanging over Japanese character, as concerns truth and honesty, roll away. Even when we come to modern times, there are those living (including the present reviewer) who attended the opening of the first government hospital in Japan, when a hospital open to the public — or dispensaries, as we understand them — had no existence. All Japanese official history scrupulously ignores what American missionaries have done. It was James Curtis Hepburn, M. D., who, early in the sixties, opened the first dispensary in Japan. It was Guido F. Verbeck who recommended that medical education and training should be conducted in the German language. It was Dr. J. C. Berry who first began the training of women nurses. It can be said, with strict historical truth, that the plan and idea of the modern Japanese national army whose soldiers are trained first in the public schools, originated in the parlor of Dr. Verbeck in the autumn of 1870. No history, or even a glance at history, can leave out the work of the Dutch medical training, with dissection, at Nagasaki; nor ignore the labors of such men as the daimio of Echizen and Dr. Hajimoto. Indeed, the Japanese mind was kept fertilized by the Dutch during two centuries, and their work in opening the country was most discreditably ignored by Commodore Perry. Dr. Seaman's view of later developments, however, especially since 1882, is excellent.

The American patriot, the soldier in the ranks and his relative at home, as well as the book-critic, can gladly commend this well-written work and be thankful for it. It is a trumpet-blast of prophecy. WILLIAM ELLIOT GRIFFIS.

#### A PHILOSOPHICAL RADICAL ON THE GREEK TRAGIC STAGE.\*

In a less conservative journal, a more enterprising reviewer might have headed this notice "A Greek Bernard Shaw," or "Ibsen in Athens," or something else equally alluring. Moreover, he could have justified his caption by merely quoting passages from the work of Professor Decharme and leaving the reader to decide whether they were more pertinent to Euripides than to whichever of these two modern radicals he selected for comparison. It certainly does not require many passages like the following to recall Bernard Shaw with almost painful vividness:

\*EURIPIDES AND THE SPIRIT OF HIS DRAMAS. Translated from the French of Paul Decharme, by James Loeb, A.B. New York: The Macmillan Co.

"In common with them [the Sophists], he had the spirit of inquiry which penetrates prevailing prejudices and conventional ideas, the skeptical audacity which shakes beliefs to their very foundations. . . . Euripides was not one of those who submit to public opinion, or flatter it; but of those who oppose and guide it. He guided it much too far, to the thinking of Athenian conservatives. . . . Our poet was a philosopher whom philosophy had so enthralled that he could never escape from it. . . . The critical spirit in Euripides is often nothing less than the philosophical spirit, which disguises itself so little in his dramas that certain Greek critics could say of him that he was the philosopher of the stage. . . . His philosophy was prejudicial to his genius as an artist. . . . One of the secondary reasons for Euripides' success with posterity constituted a real defect in his dramas, — that critical spirit, everywhere manifest, which spares the gods no more than it spares mankind, which deals with the ancient stories as it deals with contemporary morals, which attacks accepted ideas, social conventions and all forms of tradition. . . . Evil, which has succeeded in creating a considerable place for itself in the world, no doubt seemed to him to deserve at least a small place on the stage, the world in miniature; for, side by side with the beautiful, he now and then exhibited the ugly, putting immoral women on the stage."

When our hypothetical reviewer passed to consider the attitude of our dramatists to women, he could fill a volume with significant parallels. "It was above all the women who had ground for complaint against Euripides." Women, already becoming emancipated, "meant to oblige men to reckon with them," and Euripides as a result of his reckoning "expresses views about women which are often of extreme severity; — he said little of them that is good, and a great deal that is bad." At the same time, Euripides had Shaw's perception, which recognizes tremendous cleverness in women, although he emphasizes the devotion of that cleverness to evil ends. The general attitude of Euripides to the sex, and of the sex to Euripides, is grimly implied in the tradition that he was done to death by vengeful women; and at times one would shudder for the fate of his modern incarnation, were it not that in these days we have substituted the figurative tearing of limb from limb in our reviews and women's clubs. Furthermore, the reviewer could propose that the occasional interruption of a play of Euripides by a scandalized audience corresponds to the interference with Shaw's plays by the police, representing a scandalized public; he could compare Euripides' debt to Socrates and Anaxagoras with Shaw's debt to Nietzsche; he could point out that Euripides deliberately entered into competition with *Æschylus*, even as Shaw challenges comparison with Shakespeare; he could suggest that the thousand critical shafts so zealously winged at Shaw by our critics of to-day

correspond to the terrible club wielded by the titanic Aristophanes against his contemporary; in short, he could call attention to feature after feature until the resemblance should become so unendurably significant that every sensible reader not familiar with Euripides and his times would cry out that it must be all nonsense. At any rate, even the adumbration we have given must suggest that the complete picture would show Euripides as a strangely modern figure, a critical and philosophical radical representing the new cosmopolitanism and religiously engaged in the sacrilegious task of tearing up ancient boundary stones in every field of life. If to this conception we were to add the thought that he was a brilliant poet and dramatic artist, with not a few points of weakness, who had a remarkable influence upon his contemporaries and posterity, we should not be further from the truth than many who have struggled more painfully for accuracy.

Some twenty-five hundred years ago, an old-fashioned Athenian named Strepsiades, with before-the-war ideas, came to blows with his son, a freshman from the school of Socrates, over a contemporary poet; and ever since the Periclean age, the great household of those interested in letters has been divided against itself on the subject of Euripides. On the whole, the figurative quarrel has been more favorable to the old conservative than was the physical encounter in the "Clouds" of Aristophanes; but not a few great men, including many of our greatest poets, have sided with the son in his admiration of this tragedian of the dawning cosmopolitanism, who represented the spirit of his times, who painted men as they were, who had tears for sorrow, and withal could give to his shifting moods such adequate expression with the aid of effective dramatic music and polished verse. In Euripides the philosophical radical and the sympathetic poet found a meeting-place, and such a meeting-place inevitably becomes a field of combat for later critics.

Some thirteen years ago, Professor Paul Decharme, the talented Professor of Greek Poetry in the *Faculté des Lettres* of Paris, came to occupy the most prominent place in the controversy, with a considerable volume on "Euripide et l'esprit de son théâtre." The book at once attracted favorable comment wherever read, and the German reviewers contributed the well-deserved epithets of "eingehend" and "geistreich"; that it aroused much discussion, was only another tribute to its worth. Obvi-

ously, for any detailed criticism these columns must refer the reader to the more technical journals; but the most controversial reviewer was bound to give a generally favorable verdict, and it is safely conservative to say that anybody interested in the drama must read this book as a duty, and will be glad to re-read many chapters thereof as a pleasure. The second part, pages 145-378 of the English edition, dealing with "Dramatic Art in Euripides," is not so attractive to the less technical reader as the first part, which treats of the poet's views on social, political, and philosophical questions; but from the whole book one rises with the verdict that the rather ambitious title has been fully justified. It was a labor of love on the part of Professor Decharme, whose work has since been ended by a death which the world of letters has sincerely deplored. Many of us who knew him only through his writings will recall these words from the poet whom he served so well:

"A wise man, though in earth's remotest parts  
He dwell, though ne'er I see him,—count I my friend."

The volume before us is an English translation by James Loeb, A.B., for whom Professor John Williams White of Harvard writes a very strongly pro-Euripidean introduction containing a brief appreciation of that author's influence on later poets. Touching the need of a translation, the present reviewer is by no means clear, inasmuch as most readers who are deeply enough interested in Euripides to pursue the spirit of his dramas through three hundred and seventy-eight generous pages would probably be able to read the French original. On this point, however, publishers and librarians are doubtless the best judges, so that we may content ourselves with answering the question whether the work has been well done; and our answer must be in the affirmative. To demand that the English version should breathe the charm of the French original, would be extravagant; but a detailed comparison of a number of passages inspired confidence in the trustworthiness of our translator, even if it did give rise to some differences of opinion. That the idea of securing Mr. Arthur S. Way's metrical renderings from the Greek was most happy, is shown by their contribution to the attractiveness of the work. The value of the analytical index can be passed upon with finality only after continued handling; but an examination of selected points left an impression of reliability. The book is bound in the well-known dark-blue that is always prepossessing to many readers, among them the present writer. The typography is good, the illustrations few

and pertinent. If the original Parisian edition had been consulted, it could not have demanded a more appropriate garb for its presentation to an English-speaking public.

F. B. R. HELLEMS.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*Thoughtful studies of past, present, and future.*

While admitting the impossibility of predicting the future from a study of the past, Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, in the title-essay of his volume, "In Peril of Change" (Huebsch), points out three of England's institutions—"the Landed System, the Established Church, and the Popular Religion"—that are seemingly on the verge of transformation, with more or less of menace to the country from the change. Indeed, the author finds in England's present condition some of the symptoms manifest in the Roman Empire before its decline and fall, and in France before the Revolution. Balance has become unstable, and, says Mr. Masterman, "the study of the past can but guarantee that through rough courses or smooth, heedless of violence and pain, in methods unexpected and often through hazardous ways, equilibrium will be attained." These essays, in large part reprinted from leading magazines and reviews, have a character so positive and individual as to raise them above the common level. Their author, a Cambridge graduate of but ten years' standing, and at present a fellow of Christ's College in that university, prefaces his chapters by explaining that "some are attempts to examine the ideals of the age immediately past. . . . Some deal with the life of the present. . . . And some are concerned with the future, seeking to interpret, in literature, in religion, in social ideals, those obscure beginnings which are to direct the progress of the years to come." In the opening essay, "After the Reaction," the author's dispraise of Mr. Kipling and the brazen-throated poets of war and world-empire, his lament over "the pitiful destruction of two free nations in South Africa," and his advocacy of a return to the larger and kindlier humanities and sympathies, will endear him to many readers; as will also, in another part of the book, his outspoken contempt for "the alluring claptrap concerning the White Man's Burden and the Trustees of Progress." Some of the best of these twenty chapters treat of Mr. Chesterton and "the blasphemy of optimism," Chicago and St. Francis of Assisi, Gissing, Henley, Spencer and Carlyle, Disraeli and Gladstone, the making of the Superman, and the burden of London. But in reading the signs of the times he now and then seems at fault, as when he declares that the present abhorrence of any violation of the monogamic order of society belongs to a vanishing England. Disclaiming pretensions to excellences of style, he has nevertheless said forcibly and well what he was moved to say. A little more attention to the accuracies of



speech would have prevented his making George Gissing analyze "into its constituent atoms the matrix of which is composed the characteristic city population." Easily, too, could he have corrected the pleonasm in Herbert Spencer's "long struggle for persistence against poverty." A university man, even if not a first-class in classics, should think twice before writing "negligeable"; such second thought would recall that the word follows the analogy of intelligible, legible, corrigible, derigible, erigible, and countless other adjectives of potentiality from third-conjugation Latin verbs. This author, one may predict, will be heard from again, and more than once.

*The Jew in Southern life and society.*

The Jews in the South have made a remarkable record, and in his "Jews of South Carolina" (Lippincott) Dr. Barnett A. Elzas of Charleston has given a full account of his people in that State. The author's aim has been to show the part taken by the Jew in commercial, professional, political, and social activities; and the showing is a very favorable one. The volume includes chapters on the beginnings of the Jewish settlements in the colony, their religious organization and religious dissensions, the part taken by Jews in the wars and in the affairs of government, the expansion of the Jews over the State, and short biographies of the most prominent members of the race. The first Jewish congregation of Charleston was an offshoot of the Spanish-Portuguese community of Bevis Marks, London. In South Carolina, then not friendly to slavery but desirous of obtaining a white population, the Jews were welcomed. The author declares that "in South Carolina, from the day of his settlement the Jew has never labored under the slightest civil or religious disability whatever. In this respect South Carolina was unique among the British provinces. It took the Jews of England over one hundred and fifty years to win by steady fighting, step by step, the civil and religious equality that was guaranteed to the first Jew that set foot on South Carolina soil." And it is a notable fact that the newer States to the west and south of South Carolina have been influenced by the former's example. In the Lower South, the Jews have at all times exercised an influence out of proportion to their numbers. Perhaps it was one of the results of slavery which united all whites, but at any rate the Jews have from the beginning formed a respected portion of the population, and have mingled socially with Gentiles to a greater extent than elsewhere. This is partly a cause and partly a result of the superiority of the Southern Jews. In South Carolina, Dr. Elzas declares, was to be found, before 1825 at least, the best Jewish population in America; and certainly the Southern Jew has not yet been surpassed. Many of the Jewish leaders of other sections have come from the South. The Jew is usually considered a man of peace, but the record in South Carolina tells a different story. In every war the Jews furnished more than their share of men. "South Carolina can boast of no more loyal and devoted sons and

daughters than were the Jewish citizens in the hour of her need." For material on which to base his account, Dr. Elzas has searched all the records of the State, printed and in manuscript, as well as Jewish records in other States, leaving no source of information unexamined. The bibliography appended "is not complete," he says; but it is not likely to be completed. As an instance of his industry, we may mention that to get the names of the Jewish soldiers in the Civil War he went over "several times" the lists of 70,000 names in the archives at Columbia, and examined the complete file of Gazettes in the Charleston Library. The general reader will object to the padding with long lists of names taken from directories, and to the numerous extracts from newspapers; but to one who is directly interested, and to the future historian, these sources of information are valuable. The "general reader" can do some judicious skipping. It would have been well had the author explained more fully the distinctions, historically and socially, which he hints at, between the German Jews and the Spanish-Portuguese Jews of South Carolina. But in spite of minor defects, the work has a great value as an account of one of the influential elements in Southern society.

*On the nature and origin of living matter.*

Since the publication of the fundamental researches of Pasteur in France and Tyndall in England on the spontaneous generation of living from non-living matter, it has been considered as one of the most firmly grounded generalizations of biology that, under the conditions which now obtain upon the earth, living things only originate by the multiplication of preceding — that is, ancestral — organisms of the same kind. *Omne vivum ex vivo* is almost the first law which the biological tyro learns. But as old as the history of all science is the "paradoxe," the "lone and lorn" individual who with all his might combats the conclusions which other and intellectually more ordinary persons consider to be demonstrated. The geniuses of this kind who in older times settled the most pressing mathematical and physical problems of the universe have an enduring monument to recall them to memory in Augustus De Morgan's delightful "Budget of Paradoxes," — to the literary and scientific charm of which Holmes has paid tribute. Unfortunately, the biological paradoxers have had no De Morgan to do them justice, and in consequence one fears that Dr. H. Charlton Bastian's life-long effort to upset the accepted teachings of biology will too soon be forgotten. For more than thirty-five years he has been experimenting and publishing books and memoirs for the purpose of establishing two fundamental theses. The first of these is that at the present time living organisms are everywhere originating as a result of a process of "archebiosis," by which less vulgar term our author designates what ordinarily goes by the name of spontaneous generation. Especially is Dr. Bastian convinced that bacteria originate in this



way. His second thesis is that the substance of many of the higher organisms is frequently changed by some unknown process into altogether different organisms. Thus, the living substance of a plant may be directly transformed into a number of simple animals, and so on. This phenomenon is called "heterogenesis." Something over half of Dr. Bastian's bulky volume on "The Nature and Origin of Living Matter" (Lippincott) is devoted to an account, with illustrations, of experiments which the author believes have demonstrated the truth of "archebiosis" and "heterogenesis." It is safe to say that of those who possess sufficient technical knowledge of biology to really grasp the nature and meaning of these experiments, the number who will agree with Dr. Bastian in his conclusions is "vanishingly small." The observations and experiments are absolutely inconclusive. The earlier chapters of the work are given to an extended exposition of the author's views on the general subject of organic evolution. They add nothing essentially new, either in fact or in principle, to what has already been said on the subject.

*The best reading  
at smallest cost.*

Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. are the American publishers of "Everyman's Library," edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. This library is one of the Dent enterprises, which is equivalent to saying that the volumes exhibit a delicate taste in typography, binding, and other mechanical matters, and give a large return of value for the small price set upon them. As we look over the fifty volumes now before us, with which the enterprise is inaugurated, we cannot help thinking that the problem of good reading at moderate cost is by way of being solved more satisfactorily than ever before in a similar undertaking. The name of the library is itself a happy thought, and nothing could be more apt than the quotation from the old morality that is put into the decorative service of the series: "I will go with thee to be thy guide, in thy most need to go by thy side." The fifty volumes now published are classified under several heads. In fiction, we have a five-volume set of Jane Austen, Bulwer's "Harold" and "The Last of the Barons," Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth," Kingsley's "Westward Ho!" and a number of other representative single works by various writers. In what may be called quasi-fiction, we have children's tales by Lamb, Hawthorne, and Andersen, besides a two-volume set of "Le Morte d'Arthur." Of poetry, there are Tennyson, Browning, and Coleridge volumes. In the cases of the former two, the poems are given down to 1863, which marks the term of expired copyrights. History is represented by Macaulay's "England" in three volumes, Carlyle's "French Revolution" in two, and Finlay's "Byzantine Empire" in one. In biography, there are Boswell and Lockhart's Napoleon. There are volumes of essays by Bacon, Lamb, Emerson, Coleridge, and Froude. Science is represented by White's "Selborne," and Huxley's "Man's Place in Nature."

Three volumes of Robertson's sermons and one of Latimer's contribute the religious element. Speke's "Nile" and Borrow's "Wild Wales" occupy the travel section, and a volume of Marcus Aurelius completes the list with a classical offering. Many of these volumes are provided with really notable introductions, of which a few instances may be given. Mr. Watts-Dunton stands sponsor for Borrow, Mr. Belloc for Carlyle, Mr. Arthur Waugh for Browning, Mr. R. Brimley Johnson for the Jane Austen novels, Mr. Swinburne for "The Cloister and the Hearth," and Mr. Stopford Brooke for "The Golden Book of Coleridge." These introductions, in several cases quite lengthy, add materially to the interest and value of the volumes which they accompany.

*Tales of  
the old  
Southwest  
border.*

Under the attractive title "The Glory Seekers" (A. C. McClurg & Co.), Mr. William Horace Brown has collected a number of tales of the Southwest, in that romantic border-land between American and Spanish domain. Since American authority did not always advance as rapidly as Spanish control retreated, the resulting "no man's land" attracted plotters, pirates, fillibusters, and soldiers of fortune, who found there an inviting situation. The book, which attempts to recall their deeds and moving accidents, is not a novel; neither is it history. It is a re-writing of actual facts, and a reincarnation of former personages, amplified by stirring description. Among the seekers for glory one finds the despicable General Wilkinson, the fascinating Aaron Burr, Phillip Nolan, and Ellis Bean, Zebulon Pike the explorer, the Kemper boys, Lafitte the pirate, and persistent Jennie Long. The tragedy of the Exiles in Florida, whose recital by Giddings aided the Abolitionist cause years ago, finds a place among the stories, as does the rash expedition of the Texans against Santa Fé. The author is apparently aware of the slender basis of fact upon which many of the stories rest, — for instance, that of the beautiful Madeline, who resisted the wiles of the usually irresistible Aaron Burr, or that in which the precocious Jennie Wilkinson became the wooer of Dr. Long. Where the author ventures on authentic narrative, he follows old pathways without much regard for modern investigation. Despite the results of Professor McCaleb's investigations, he writes Burr down as a traitor. "Burr was guilty," he says, curtly. "He had openly talked treason for years. . . . That he was acquitted was just as well. To have hanged him [*sic*] would have been to punish one man for treason, when it was well known that a thousand had been guilty of the same crime without any attempt at punishing them." He couples Burr with Arnold as "the only renegades to the sacred cause of a free and united country." All this notwithstanding the fact that John Marshall, the most impartial judge who ever tried a criminal case, declared that Burr had not been guilty of treason. The stories are worth re-telling, and the author tells them most interestingly. Doubtless many facts of

history will be absorbed incidentally by the reader in reviewing these stories of adventurous spirits who tried at various times to establish an empire in the early days of the Southwest.

*Two examples  
of the book  
beautiful.*

Next to the matter of almost perfect technical workmanship, the characteristic that most impresses those who have followed the work of the special limited edition department at the Riverside Press is the variety of its output, — the marked versatility shown in fitting typographical form to literary substance. Nearly all of those who have produced the best work in this field heretofore, as the Kelmscott and Doves presses, have each developed a certain distinct and individual style of bookmaking, to which their entire output more or less monotonously conforms. But Mr. Rogers, in his work at the Riverside Press, has chosen the immensely more difficult part of giving each of his volumes a dress that suggests somewhat the character of the contents, and is typical of the country or period to which the book belongs. The success with which this is usually accomplished is well illustrated by the two latest issues of the press, — a reprint of St. Pierre's "Paul et Virginie" in the original text, and a selection of "Songs and Sonnets by Thomas Bailey Aldrich." The first-named is a thin quarto, printed from type of a French cut especially imported for this purpose, and set in a spacious, well-proportioned page. A light floriated title-page in the French manner, and four illustrations reengraved on wood by M. Lamont Brown from the originals in the first edition, make up the decorative setting. The binding is of French paper boards, with printed title-label. The whole effect of the volume, even to the illustrations, is sober and restrained, in perfect keeping with the tragic note of the tale. Mr. Aldrich's poems, on the other hand, are embodied in a trim duodecimo, printed from a small size of Caslon type, with a graceful rule arrangement in red surrounding the text on each page. Deeply embossed in the centre of the dark-green board cover is a representation of the intaglio head of Minerva that forms the subject of one of Mr. Aldrich's best-known lyrics. The idea of reproducing this "carven agate-stone" in such a way was unusually happy, for no other symbol could express more appositely the general characteristics of the poetry contained within these covers. It should be said that for this edition Mr. Aldrich has made an entirely new selection and arrangement of his poems; and the resulting volume is one that must always hold a distinctive place in our literature.

*Mr. Andrew  
Lang on  
Sir Walter  
Scott.*

It is hard for anyone to study the life of Scott without a pious desire to wreak vengeance on the personages who did so much to afflict him and turn his naturally joyous existence into the tragedy which in later life it was. We have all wanted to have our fling at the caustic Jeffrey, and to instil some sense into the infantile minds of the Ballantynes. No wonder,

then, that so racy and perfervid a Scot as Mr. Andrew Lang should in his life of Scott in the series of "Literary Lives" (Scribner) display a certain acridity of temper toward those who pestered Scott and those who led to his ruin. And yet Mr. Lang is fair; Jeffrey gets no more than his due, and as much is said for the impossible Ballantynes as can well be. Nor is Scott himself allowed to escape without bearing his share of blame for the unnecessarily tragic close of his life. Lang's biography, for a brief one, is very full of details without being encyclopedically dry. Certain minor mistakes committed by "English innocence" are corrected — not silently, however, — and a new piece of external evidence which should have fixed the authorship of the novels on Scott before it was known is brought forward. The criticism scattered throughout the volume, following the chronological order of production, is sane and singularly free from Scottish prejudice. "The Lord of the Isles" does make one yawn, — and Mr. Lang says so. But he insists, and rightly, that the poetic appeal of the "Lay," which in 1805 was "absolutely fresh and poignant," as well as of the more polished "Lady of the Lake," if not the highest, is direct and enduring. To the modern contemners of Scott's novels, Mr. Lang scornfully addresses Cromwell's words to the Commissioners of the General Assembly, "Brethern in the bowels of Christ, believe that it is possible you may be mistaken." It was in his capacity "as a creator of a vast throng of living people of every grade, and every variety of nature, humour, and temperament, that Scott, among British writers, is least remote from Shakespeare."

*Indispensable to  
the European  
tourist.*

Everyone who intends to go to Europe (and who in these days does not?) is much concerned to prepare himself, both materially and mentally, for the journey. But, do his best, on his arrival there one of the greatest drawbacks to his satisfaction proves to be his lack of accurate knowledge. Owing to baggage limitations, he cannot carry many books about, and even at places where he expected to feel most at home he is surprised to find how vague and indefinite his knowledge really is. Even the best memory proves inadequate to supply all the names, dates, and isolated facts that continually present their questions. Miss H. A. Guerber's little book "How to Prepare for Europe" (Dodd, Mead & Co.) is designed to supply both of these needs. It is an advance guide, noting the best books to read before the contemplated journey begins; it is also a miniature reference book to consult *en route*, supplying the most important data concerning the history and art of the European and ancient world. It presents brief synopses of the history of all the principal foreign countries, followed by descriptions of conditions and routes of travel in those countries. There are also separate chapters on painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, to which have been appended chronological, alphabetical, and bibliograph-

ical lists relating to names, dates, events, schools, etc. Each country is furnished with an admirable map; the illustrations have been chosen with a view to depicting characteristic features of each country, and the classified chronological tables are extremely full and satisfactory. The tourist should by all means secure this book as a supplement to his indispensable Baedeker.

*New letters  
by Robert  
Browning.*

Readers of Robert Browning's poems of "Waring" and "The Guardian Angel" have known that he had a "dear old friend" who lived on the "Wairoa at the world's far end." By the aid of commentators, they have known also that this friend was Alfred Domett, author of the famous "Christmas Hymn," and that the Wairoa is the name of a river in New Zealand. How dear, how true, and how life-long was the friendship which bound together these two men we now learn for the first time through a book entitled "Robert Browning and Alfred Domett," edited by Frederic G. Kenyon, and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. The story is told mainly through letters written by Browning to Domett, the replies, according to Browning's custom with his letters, having been destroyed. Written chiefly during the years 1840-1846, they cover a period of Browning's life of which little has been made public—the period just preceding his marriage, while he was living at New Cross, writing and publishing serially his "Bells and Pomegranates." Many who cared little for Browning's poetry previous to the publication of his "Letters to Elizabeth Barrett" were charmed by them into loving both man and poet,—so fine, so strong, so tender was the personality there revealed. And in like manner, this collection of letters, though small, revealing a masculine friendship surviving the strain of separation of years, and of divided interests, helps to make up an impression of a character which becomes the more exalted as it is better known. Portraits of Browning, of Domett, and of Sir Joseph Arnould (a third in this trio of Camberwell friends) illustrate the volume. A poem, "A Forest Thought," new to most of us though published in a magazine last year, appears on the first page. It is in a very unusual metre for Browning—four stanzas of seven rhymed couplets each,—is extremely musical, and was written in 1839 as a christening poem for a child to whom Browning stood as godfather.

*Organ music,  
its history and  
development.*

The latest volume in the "Music Story Series" (imported by Charles Scribner's Sons) is devoted to "The Story of Organ Music," by Mr. C. F. Abdy Williams. The author has outlined a history of the rise and development of organ music, in which the works of the leading composers are described. He is of the opinion that the history of organ music revolves round one gigantic personality, that of Bach, and that no organ composer of any eminence has existed who has not been largely influenced by him. The au-

thor has drawn considerably on Ritter's "Geschichte des Orgelspiels," and on the collections of Comer and others. Among the musical illustrations he has given the whole of a toccata by Pasquini, whose works until recently were supposed to have been lost to the world; and the style of Elizabethan organ music is exemplified by a *Choralvorspiel* by Dr. John Bull. In conclusion, the author points out that English composers of the first rank are producing works that are among the best of the day, and there is reason to hope that a school of English organ music is arising which will take its place as part of the great modern school of English composition that is so rapidly developing. Mr. Williams's treatise is scholarly, clear, concise, and elucidative.

*Autobiography  
of a Russian  
revolutionist.*

Father George Gapon, the Russian revolutionist, was not a great man, but circumstances, brought about largely through his deep interest in the oppressed classes of Russia, made him the centre of the great strike of Russian workingmen in January, 1905, and a figure of international interest. Father Gapon has written his autobiography under the title "The Story of My Life" (Dutton), showing the rapid change in his views from love of the Czar and support of the government of his country to hatred of both and a leading position among rabid revolutionists. This story of his life is told with direct simplicity and with effect, both the account of his early home life and training and the account of the dramatic struggle which led to his exile; it is instructive also as to the motives and methods of the revolutionists, and as to the corruption, cruelty, and tyranny of the autocracy. One can get from this unpretentious book a better idea of present social conditions in Russia than from many more elaborate studies; yet the reader must be on his guard against being misled by the sincere but volatile enthusiast whose life and opinions are here set forth.

#### NOTES.

A new illustrated edition of "Truth Dexter," by Sidney McCall, is published by Messrs. Little, Brown, & Co.

"The Stubbornness of Geraldine," a play in four acts, is now added by the Macmillan Co. to their edition of the dramas of Mr. Clyde Fitch.

"The Sources of the First Ten Books of Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*," is a doctrinal thesis by Mr. S. Angus, published under the auspices of Princeton University.

A volume of "Fishing and Shooting Sketches" by the Hon. Grover Cleveland is an interesting announcement that comes to us from The Outing Publishing Co.

"Studies in English Syntax," by Professor C. Alphonso Smith, is a small book containing three "essays in interpretative syntax," published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

The Messrs. Scribner publish "The Page Story Book," edited by Mr. F. E. Spaulding and Miss Catherine T. Bryce, and containing readings from the books of Mr. Thomas Nelson Page prepared for school use.



"Buddhism" and "Islam," both by Miss Annie H. Small, are the initial volumes in a pocket series of simple "Studies in the Faiths," published by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.

A new edition of Mr. Ernest Babelon's "Manual of Oriental Antiquities," a reference book with many illustrations, and a chapter on the recent discoveries at Susa, is published by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

"The Primrose Way," is the special title of the third volume in "Mark Twain's Library of Humor," published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. The mystery of the title need debar no one from the joyousness of the contents.

"A Bibliography of the Sanskrit Drama," by Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., is published by the Macmillan Co. for the Columbia University Press. It includes an introductory sketch of Indian dramatic literature.

"Propertius," translated by Professor J. S. Phillimore, and "Longinus on the Sublime," translated by Mr. A. O. Prickard, are two new volumes in the Clarendon Press series of Greek and Latin classics, published by Mr. Henry Frowde.

"A Compendium of Spherical Astronomy," with its applications to the determination and reduction of positions of the fixed stars, is the latest of Mr. Simon Newcomb's many contributions to mathematical astronomy, and is published by the Macmillan Co.

"A Brief Narrative of the Ravages of the British and Hessians at Princeton in 1776-77," being a contemporary account of the battles of Trenton and Princeton, edited by Mr. Varnum Lansing Collins, is published by the Princeton Historical Association.

"Social Progress" for 1906, published by the Baker & Taylor Co., is edited by Messrs. Josiah Strong, W. H. Tolman, and W. D. P. Bliss. It is an invaluable compendium of the latest statistics in the fields of sociology, economics, politics, industry, and religion.

Volume VI. of the "Journals of the Continental Congress," edited by Mr. Worthington C. Ford, has issued from the Government Printing Office. It covers the last three months of 1776, thus completing the three volumes required for the proceedings of that eventful year.

From the Wickersham Press, Lancaster, Pa., we have the "Proceedings of the American Political Science Association" at the Baltimore meeting of last December. Among the authors of the printed papers are Messrs. F. J. Goodnow, A. B. Hart, Simon E. Baldwin, John C. Rose, and W. M. Daniels.

"The Green Room Book," edited by Mr. Bampton Hunt, is a new annual — a "Who's Who on the Stage" — published by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. Besides the biographies (and portraits) that make up the bulk of the initial volume, there is much miscellaneous matter of interest to the profession.

"The Works of Flavius Josephus," in Whiston's translation, newly edited by Dr. D. S. Margoliouth, are published in a single volume of a thousand pages by Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co. This volume is a companion in form and size to the Bacon recently imported by the same house.

The most important addition that is proposed for the "World's Classics," published by Mr. Frowde at the Oxford University Press, is a complete Shakespeare in about seven volumes. The text is being edited by Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, who has made a life-long study

of Shakespeare, and he will write a preface to each play, adding a bibliography. The first volume is to contain a newly-written and important introductory essay on Shakespeare and his art by Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Frowde hopes to have a portion of the edition ready in the autumn.

"A Political History of the State of New York," by Hon. DeAlva Stanwood Alexander, will be published this month in two volumes by Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. The same firm has in press for early publication a short novel entitled "Superseded," by Miss May Sinclair, author of "The Divine Fire"; and "How Ferns Grow," by Miss Margaret Slosson.

"The World's Classics" form a series of reprints of standard English literature published by Mr. Henry Frowde. They are dumpy little books, about eighty of which have now been published. Sample volumes now at hand are Thoreau's "Walden," Borrow's "The Bible in Spain," a volume of "Tales" by Count Tolstoy, and the third of the three volumes containing the works of Chaucer.

Since Isaac Walton "made a picture of his own disposition," he has had few truer or more amiable disciples than Mr. Edward Marston — author, publisher, and "gentle angler," of London. His joy in life and in the pursuit of the fisherman's art, retained in spite of his eighty years, is shown in the little volume "Fishing for Pleasure and Catching It" (imported by Scribner) with which he "completes a round dozen of books" devoted to his holiday rambles, chiefly along English rivers. Interesting notes on fishing tours in Northern Scotland and in Wales are contributed by the author's daughter and son.

"A useful collection of American verse" intended to "illustrate the growth and spirit of American life as expressed in its literature" is the editor's own statement of what he has sought to produce in "American Poems, 1776-1900." The book is mainly for school use, and is supplied with notes and biographies. The contents range from Freneau to Mr. Moody, and represent something more than fourscore writers. The volume is edited by Mr. Augustus White Long, who has made his selections with discriminating intelligence, and is published by the American Book Co. From the same source we have also "Nine Choice Poems of Longfellow, Lowell, Macaulay, Byron, Browning, and Shelley," edited for very youthful readers by Mr. James Baldwin.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 67 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

#### BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

**The Life of Sir Richard Burton.** By Thomas Wright. In 2 vols., illus., 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$5.50 net.

**Leo Tolstoy, his Life and Work:** Autobiographical Memoirs, Letters, and Biographical Material. Compiled by Paul Birukoff, and revised by Leo Tolstoy; trans. from the Russian. Vol. I., Childhood and Early Manhood. Illus., 8vo, uncut, pp. 370. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.

#### HISTORY.

**The Present State of the European Settlements on the Mississippi,** with a Geographical Description of that River illustrated by Plans and Draughts. By Philip Pittman; edited by Frank Heywood Hodder. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 165. Arthur H. Clark Co. \$3. net.



**Personal Narrative of Travels in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky; and of a Residence in the Illinois Territory: 1817-1818.** By Elias Pym Fordham; edited by Frederic Austin Ogg. A.M. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 248. Arthur H. Clark Co. \$3. net.

**Audubon's Western Journal, 1849-1850.** By John W. Audubon; with biographical memoir by Maria R. Audubon; edited by Frank Heywood Hodder. Illus., large 8vo, uncut, pp. 248. Arthur H. Clark Co. \$3. net.

**Journals of the Continental Congress, 1774-1789.** Edited from the original Records in the Library of Congress by Worthington Chauncey Ford. Vol., VI., 1776. 4to, uncut. Washington: Government Printing Office.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

**A History of English Prosody, from the Twelfth Century to the Present Day.** By George Saintsbury, M.A. Vol. I. From the Origins to Spenser. With frontispiece, 8vo, uncut, pp. 428. Macmillan Co. \$2.50 net.

**Italian Romance Writers.** By Joseph Spencer Kennard, Ph.D. 8vo, gilt top, pp. 472. Brentano's. \$2. net.

**Handbook to Shakespeare's Works.** By Morton Luce. 18mo, uncut, pp. 463. Macmillan Co. \$1.75.

**The Mirror of the Century.** By Walter Frewen Lord. With portraits, 12mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 298. John Lane Co. \$1.50 net.

**The King's English.** 12mo, uncut. Oxford University Press.

**Balzac: A Critical Study.** By Hippolyte Adolphe Taine; trans. with an Appreciation of Taine, by Lorenzo O'Rourke. With portrait, 12mo, pp. 240. Funk & Wagnalls Co. \$1. net.

**Dante as a Jurist.** By James Williams, D.C.L. 12mo, uncut, pp. 72. Oxford: B. H. Blackwell.

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#### NEW EDITIONS OF STANDARD LITERATURE.

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**Complete Works of Abraham Lincoln.** Edited by John G. Nicolay and John Hay. New and enlarged edition. Vols. V. and VI., Illus. in photogravure, etc., large 8vo, gilt tops, uncut. New York: Francis D. Tandy Co.

**Longinus on the Sublime.** Trans. by A. O. Prickard, M.A. 16mo, uncut, pp. 128. Oxford University Press. \$1. net.

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